But if there want of full ſo much, thy necke ſhall pay the ſumme.
Breake vp the Coffer, Frier.
Frier. Oh I am vndone, faire *Alice* the Nunne
Hath tooke vp her reſt in the Abbots cheſt.
Sancte boneducite pardon my ſimplicitie.
Fie *Alice*, confeſſion will not ſalue this tranſgreſſion.
Philip. What haue we heere, a holy Nunne? ſo keepe me God in health.
A ſmooth fac'd Nunne (for ought I know) is all the Abbots wealth.
Is this the Nunries chaſtitie?
Beſtrew me but I thinke
They go as oft to venery, as niggards to their drinke.
Why paltry Frier and Pandar too, yee ſhameleſſe ſhauen crowne,
Is this the cheſt that held a hoord, at leaſt a thouſand pound?
And is the hoord a holy whore, well, be the hangman nimble,
Hee'l take the paine to pay you home, and teach you to diſſemble.
Nunne. O ſpare the Frier *Anthony*, a better neuer was,
To ſing a Dirge ſolemnly, or read a morning maſſe.
If money be the meanes of this, I know an ancient Nunne,
That hath a hoord theſe ſeuen yeares did neuer ſee the ſunne;
And that is yours, and what is ours, ſo fauour now be ſhowne,
You ſhall command as commonly, ar if it were your owne.
Frier. Your honour excepted.
Nunne. I *Thomas*, I meane ſo.
Philip. From all ſaue from Friers.

Nunne.

Nun. Good ſir, doe not thinke ſo.
Phil. I thinke and ſee ſo:
Why how camſt thou here?
Fri. To hide her from lay men.
Nun. Tis true ſir, for feare.
Phil. For feare of the laitie: a pitifull dread
When a Nunne flies for ſuccour to a fat Friers be
But now for your ranſome my cloyſter-bred coon
To the cheſt that you ſpeake of where lies ſo muc
Nun. Faire ſir, within this preſſe, of plate and n
The valew of a thouſand markes, and other things
Let vs alone, and take it all, tis yours ſir, now you
Phil. Come on ſir Frier, picke the locke, this ge
cotton hanſome,
That couetouſneſſe ſo cunningly muſt pay the lec
What is in the hoord?
Fr. Frier *Laurance* my Lord, now holy water he
Some witch or ſome diuell is ſent to delude vs:
Haud Credo Laurentius, that thou ſhouldſt be pend
In the preſſe of a Nun we are all vndone,
And brought to diſcredence if thou be Frier *Laure*
Fr. Amor vincit omnia, ſo *Cato* affirmeth,
And therefore a Frier whoſe fancy ſoone burneth,
Becauſe he is mortall and made of mould,
He omits what he ought, and doth more then he ſ
Philip. How goes this geere? the Friers cheſt fi
a fauſen Nunne.
The Nunne againe lockes Frier vp,
to keepe him from the Sunne.
Belike the preſſe is Purgatory,
or penance paſſing grieuous:
The Friers cheſt a hell for Nunnes!
how doe theſe dolts deceiue vs?
Is this the labour of their liues, to feed and liue at e
To reuell ſo laſciuiouſly as often as they pleaſe.
Ile mend the fault or faile my aime,
if I doe miſſe amending,